

Andrew Lammie:

or Mill of Tiftie's Anne. II. Betty Brown.

ANDREW LAMMIE, or Mill of
Tifties Anne.

First springs a rose in Fyvie's yards,
O dear but it springs bonny,
A dazie in the midst of it,
his name is Andrew Lammie,
If I had that rose into my breast.
I wat I have had mony,
And twenty times I would it kiss,
for the love of the dazie,
But I am going to Edinburgh.
my love I'm going to leave thee
She sigh'd full sore and said no more
O if I were with thee,
I will buy thee a bridal gown,
my love I'll buy it bonny,
But I'll be dead or you'll come back,
my bonny Andrew Lammie.
I'll buy you a pair of bridal shoes,
my love I'll buy them bonny.
But I'll be dead or you come back,
or e'er you come to Fyvie.
If you be true and trusty too,
as I am Andrew Lammie,
That you will neither kiss lad or loon,
till I return to Fyvie.
I shall be true and trusty too,
as I am Tifties Anne,
That I'll neither kiss lad or loon,
till ye return to Fyvie.
Love dwine away, love pine away,
love pines away my body,
And love crept in at my bed foot,
and taen possession o' me,
My father drags me by the hair,
my mother sore does scold me,
And they would give one hundred marks,
for any one to win me,
My sister stands at her bower door,
and full sore does she mock me.
And when she hears the trumpet sound,
your cow is lowing Nanne.
O be still my sister Jean,
and leave off all your folly,
For I would not give that same cow low
for all the kine of Fyvie.
My father locks the door at night,
lays up the keys full canny,
And when he hears the trumpet sound,
your cow is lowing Nanne,
O hold your tongue my father dear,
and let be all your folly,
For I would not give that same cow low,
for all my kin in Fyvie.
For if you ding me I will greet,
and gentlemen will hear me,
Fyvie will be coming by,
and he'll come in and see me,
'its I will ding you tho' you greet,
and gentlemen should hear you,
Tho' lord Fyvie should be coming by,
and did come in and see you
So they dang her and she grat
and gentlemen did hear her.

Lord Fyvie he was coming by,
and did come in to see her
Mill of Tiftie give consent,
and let your daughter marry,
It will be with some higher match,
than jougler Andrew Lammie,
If she was but as full of high blood,
as she is full of beauty,
I wad take her to myself,
and Lammie should not get her,
Fyvie's lands lies wide and broad,
O dear but they lie bonny,
But I would not give my own true love,
for all the lands of Fyvie.
But make my bed and lay my down,
and turn my face to Fyvie,
That I may see the morn at e'en,
my bony Andrew Lammie.
They made her bed and laid her down,
and turn'd her face to Fyvie,
She gave a groan and died or morn,
so ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.
O but her father cry'd,
its done ill to money,
I'll gae me down to Tiftie's mill
where I have been times many,
And drink a pint of Tifties ale,
for the love of bonny Anne.

F I N I S.

Betty Brown.

IN prusuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste,
What pains did I take and what time did I waste,
In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,
Till chance introduc'd me to dear Betty Brown.

Such a shade such an air such a mind such a face,
She smil'd with such sweetness, convert with such
A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown, (grace
Proceeds o'er the face of my dear Betty Brown.

When first I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,
And mov'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd;
Ye gods what is wealth or what's fame or renown,
Compar'd with the charms of my dear Betty Brown

Tho' her person has beauties beyond all compare
Of a virtuous mind she has a much better share?
Let others ambition extend to a crown,
I ask of you gods but my dear Betty Brown.

O let me this charming dear creature possess,
No more I request nor can ask any less,
From the summit of her let me tumble down,
Ye gods give me death or dear Betty Brown.

F I N I S.

May 22d, 1776.